

THE

3

Distrest Mother.

A

TRAGEDY.

To which is added, SIX

PASTORALS.

By Mr. *PHILIPS*.

THE SIXTH EDITION.



DUBLIN:

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To Her *GRACE* the

Dutchess of *Montague*.

MADAM,

THIS Tragedy, which I do my self the Honour to dedicate to Your *Grace*, is formed upon an Original, which passes for the most finished Piece in this kind of writing, that has ever been produced in the *French* Language. The principal Action and main Distress of the Play is of such a Nature, as seems more immediately to claim the Patronage of a Lady: And, when I consider the great and shining Characters of Antiquity, that are celebrated in it, I am naturally directed to inscribe it to a Person, whose Illustrious father has, by a long Series

A 2

of

DEDICATION.

of glorious Actions, (for the Service of his Country, and in defence of the Liberties of *Europe*) not only surpassed the Generals of his own Time, but equalled the greatest Heroes of former Ages. The Name of *Hector* could not be more terrible to the *Greeks*, than that of the Duke of *Marlborough* has been to the *French*.

The refined taste You are known to have in all Entertainments for the Diversion of the Publick, and the peculiar Life and Ornament Your Presence gives to all Assemblies, was no small Motive to determine me in the Choice of my Patroness. The Charms, that shine out in the Person of Your *Grace*, may convince every one, that there is nothing unnatural in the Power, which is ascribed to the Beauty of *Andromache*.

The strict Regard I have had to Decency and good Manners throughout this Work is the greatest Merit I pretend

DEDICATION.

tend to plead in Favour of my Presumption; and is, I am sensible, the only Argument that can recommend it most effectually to Your Protection.

I am with the greatest Respect,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's most Humble

and most Obedient Servant.

Ambr. Philips.



THE PREFACE.

IN all the works of genius and invention, whether in verse or prose, there are in general but three Manners of style; the one sublime and full of majesty; the other simple, natural, and easie; and the third, swelling, forced, and unnatural. An injudicious Affectation of Sublimity is what has betrayed a great many authors into the latter; not considering that real greatness in writing, as well as in manners, consists in an unaffected simplicity. The true sublime does not lie in strained Metaphors and the pomp of words; but rises out of noble sentiments and strong images of nature; which will always appear the more conspicuous, when the language does not swell to hide and overshadow them.

These are the considerations, that have induced me to write this tragedy in a style very different from what has been usually practised amongst us in poems of this nature. I have had the advantage to copy after a very great Master, whose writings are deservedly admired in all parts of *Europe*, and whose excellencies are too well known to the men of letters in this nation, to stand in need of any further discovery of them here. If I have been able to keep up to the beauties of Monsieur *Racine* in my attempt, and to do him no prejudice in the Liberties I have taken frequently to vary from so great a poet, I shall have no reason to be dissatisfied with the labour it has cost me to bring

The P R E F A C E.

bring the compleatest of his works upon the *English* stage.

I shall trouble my reader no farther, than to give him some short hints relating to this play from the preface of the *French* author. The following lines of *Virgil* mark out the scene, the action, and the four principal actors in this tragedy, together with their distinct characters; excepting that of *Hermione*, whose rage and jealousy is sufficiently painted out in the *Andromache* of *Euripides*.

*Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
Chaoanio, & celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem——
Sollemnes tum forte dapes, & tristia dona
Libabat cineri Andromache, Manesque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem cespite inanem
Et geminas, causam lachrymis, sacraverat aras——
Dejecit vultum, & demissa voce locuta est:
O Felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,
Hostilem ad tumulum, Troja sub mœnibus aliis
Jussa mori! qua sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.
Nos patria incensa, diversa per aquora uestæ,
Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, Juvenemque superbum
Servitio enixa tulimus, qui deinde jectus
Ledaam Hermionem, Lacedæmoniosque hymenæos——
Ast illum erepta magno inflammatus amore
Conjugis, & scelerum furiis agitataus Orestes
Excipit incautum patriasque obiruncat ad aras.*

Virg. Æn. lib. 3.

The great concern of *Andromache*, in the Greek Poet, is for the life of *Molossus*, a son she had by *Pyrrhus*. But it is more conformable to the general notion we form of that princess, at this great distance of time, to represent her as the disconsolate widow of *Hector*, and to suppose her the mother only of *Asiyanax*. Considered in this light, no doubt, she moves our compassion much more effectually, than she could be imagined to do in any distress for a son by a second husband.

The P R E F A C E.

In order to bring about this beautiful incident, so necessary to heighten in *Andromache* the character of a tender mother, an affectionate wife, and a widow full of veneration for the memory of her deceased husband; the life of *Astyanax* is indeed a little prolonged beyond the term fixed to it by the general consent of the ancient authors. But so long as there is nothing improbable in the supposition, a judicious critick will always be pleased, when he finds a matter of fact (especially so far removed into the dark and fabulous ages) falsified, for the Embellishment of a whole Poem.



P R O-

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. STEELE.

*SINCE fancy of it self is loose and vain,
The wise by rules that airy power restrain :
They think those writers mad, who at their ease
Convey this house and audience where they please ;
Who nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all soils the sun goes round :
'Tis nothing, when a fancy'd scene's in view,
To skip from Covent-Garden to Peru.*

*But Shakespear's self transgress'd ; and shall each elf,
Each pigmy genius, quote great Sheakspear's self :
What critick dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit !
Shakelpcar could travel thro' earth, sea and air,
And paint out all the powers and wonders there.
In barren desarts he makes nature smile,
And gives us feasts in his enchanted isle.*

*Our author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dare pretend such merit to transgress ;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And therefore makes propriety his care.
T'outreat with study'd decency he serves ;
Not only rules of time and place preserves,
But strives to keep his characters intire,
With French correctness and with British fire.*

*This piece presented in a foreign tongue,
When France was glorious, and her monarch young,
A hundred times a crowded audience drew ;
A hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.*

PROLOGUE.

*Pyrrius provok'd, to no wild rants betray'd,
Resents his generous love so ill repay'd;
Does like a man resent, a prince upbraid.
His sentiments disclose a royal mind,
Nor is he known a king from guards behind.*

*Injur'd Hermione demands relief;
But not from heavy narratives of grief:
In conscious majesty her pride is shewn;
Born to avenge her wrongs, but not bemoan.*

*Andromache——If in our author's lines,
As in the great original, she shines,
Nothing but from barbarity she fears.
Attend with silence; you'll applaud with tears.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PYRRHUS, *the Son of Achilles, and King of Epirus, in love with Andromache, but betrothed to Hermione.*

PHŒNIX, *Counsellor to Pyrrhus.*

ORESTES, *the Son of Agamemnon, Ambassador from the Greeks to Pyrrhus, in Love with Hermione.*

PYLADES, *Friend to Orestes, separated from him in a Storm, driven on the Coasts of Epirus, and detained by contrary Winds in the Court of Pyrrhus.*

W O M E N.

ANDROMACHE, *Hector's Widow, Captive to Pyrrhus, and Mother to Astyanax.*

CEPHISSA, *Confidant to Andromache.*

HERMIONE, *Daughter to Menelaus and Helen, betrothed to Pyrrhus.*

CLEONE, *Confidant to Hermione.*

Attendants to *Pyrrhus and Orestes.* &c.

The SCENE, a great Hall in the Court of Pyrrhus at Buthrotos, the Capital City of Epirus.

THE



THE
Distrest Mother.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Orestes and Pylades.

ORESTES.



Pylades! What's life without a friend!
At sight of thee my gloomy soul clears
up;
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns
within me.

After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my *Pylades*,
My joy, my comfort! on this fatal shore?
Even in the court of *Pyrrhus*? in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from my self.

Pyl. O prince! O, my *Orestes*! O my friend! —
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart.

[*Embracing.*]

Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the powers, who barr'd my way to *Greece*,
And kept me here! e'er since th' unhappy day,

When

2 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

When warring winds (*Epirus* full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud, stormy main.

Orest. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boading cares have rack'd my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourn'd
The fatal ills, in which your life's involv'd;
And grudg'd your dangers, which I could not share.
I fear'd, to what extreams the black despair,
That prey'd upon your mind, might have betray'd you;
And lest the Gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your pray'rs, and take the life you loath'd.
But now with joy I see you! — The retinue
And numerous followers, that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
To relish life.

Orest. Alas! my friend, who knows
The destiny, to which I stand reserv'd!
I come in search of an inhuman fair;
And live or dye, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprize me, prince! --- I thought
you cur'd
Of your unpity'd, unsuccessful passion.
Why, in *Epirus*, shou'd you hope to find
Hermione less cruel, than at *Sparta*?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner,
In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your freedom:
Alham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more.
Prince, you deceiv'd me.

Orest. I deceiv'd my self.
Do not upbraid th' unhappy man, that loves thee.
Thou know'st, I never hid my passion from thee:
Thou saw'st it in it's birth, and in its progress.
And when at last the hoary king, her father,
Great *Menelaus*, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to this happy *Pyrhus*,
Th' avenger of his wrongs; thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair; and how I dragg'd,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.

O, *Pylades* ! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, prest with sorrows not thy own,
Still wandring with me, like a banish'd man ;
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from my self.

Pyl. Why thus unkind ?

Why will you envy me the pleasing tasks
Of generous love and sympathizing friendship ?

Orest. Thou miracle of youth ! — but hear me on.

When, in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought, how the divine *Hermione*,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up her self in all her charms, to *Pyrrhus* ;
Thou may'st remember, I abhor'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even my self, believe
My soul was freed. Alas ! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In *Greece* I landed : and in *Greece* I found
Th' assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them : for I hop'd that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts ;
And, that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more, would reassume its wonted vigour,
And ev'ry idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy *Agamemnon*'s son.

Orest. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun !

The jealous chiefs, and all the states of *Greece*,
With one united voice, complain of *Pyrrhus* ;
That now, forgetful of the promise given,
And mindless of his god-like father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his court ;

Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruin'd *Troy* ; *Astyanax*, descended
From a long race of kings ; great *Hector*'s son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of *Greece* !

But,

4. *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

But, prince, you'll cease to wonder, why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of *Pyrrhus*,
When you shall hear, the bright *Andromache*,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose :
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Orest. Your tale confirms what I have heard ; and
hence

Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woo's
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injur'd *Menelaus*, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and th' intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure ; and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs aveng'd in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm :

Orest. Resentments ? Oh my friend, too soon I found
They grew not out of hatred ! I'm betray'd.
I practise on my self ; and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of *Greece* ;
And here I come their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. *Pyrrhus* will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of *Achilles*, his redoubted fire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce ;
Made up of passions : will he then be sway'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves ?

Orest. Oh, would he render up *Hermione*,
And keep *Astyanax* ; I should be blest !
He must ; he shall : *Hermione* is my life,
My soul, my rapture ! — I'll no longer curb
The strong desire, that hurries me to madness :
I'll give a loose to love ; I'll bear her hence ;
I'll tear her from his arms, I'll — O, ye gods !
Give me *Hermione* ; or let me die —

But, tell me *Pylades* ; how stand my hopes ?
Is *Pyrrhus* still enamour'd with her charms ?
Or do'st thou think, he'll yield me up the prize,

The

The DISTREST MOTHER. 5

The dear, dear prize which he has ravish'd from me!

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far.

The king indeed, cold to the *Spartan* princess,
Turns all his passion to *Andromache*,

Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,

With inter-woven love and rage, he sues

The charming captive, obstinately cruel.

Oft he alarms her for her child, confin'd

Apart; and, when her tears begin to flow,

As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.

Hermione a thousand times has seen

His ill-requited vows return to her;

And takes his indignation all for love.

What can be gather'd from a man so various?

He may, in the disorder of his soul,

Wed her, he hates; and punish her, he loves.

Orest. But, tell me, how the wrong'd *Hermione*
Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonour'd charms?

Pyl. *Hermione* would fain be thought to scorn
Her wavering lover, and disdain his falshood;

But, spite of all her pride, and conscious beauty,

She mourns in secret her neglected charms;

And oft has made me privy to her tears:

Still threatens to be gone; yet still she stays;

And sometimes sighs, and wishes for *Orestes*.

Orest. Ah, were those wishes from her heart, my
friend,

I'd fly in transport ————— [Flourish within.

Pyl. Hear! — The king approaches
To give you audience. Speak your embassy

Without reserve: urge the demands of *Greece*;

And in the name of all her kings require,

That *Hector's* son be given into your hands.

Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,

To speed his love, and win the *Trojan* dame,

Will make it merit to preserve her son.

But, see; he comes!

Orest. Mean while, my *Pylades*,

Go, and dispose *Hermione* to see

Her

The

6 The DISTREST MOTHER.

Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw
Himself in all his sorrows at her feet.

Orestes, Pyrrhus and Phoenix.

Orest. Before I speak the message of the *Greeks*,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great *Achilles'* son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
It *Hector* fell by him, *Troy* fell by you.
But, what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of *Troy*;
And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty *Hector*?
The *Greeks* remember his high-brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With *Hector's* fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, your self, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the *Grecians'* just demands:
Sate their vengeance, and preserve your self.

Pyr. The *Greeks* are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important councils. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is *Agamemnon's* son dispatch'd for this?
And do the *Grecian* chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death? — what right has *Greece*
To ask his life? must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captives as I please? know, prince,
When *Troy* lay smoaking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war;

Andro.

Andromache and this her son were mine ;
 Were mine by lot : and who shall wrest them from me ?
Ulysses bore away old *Priam's* queen ;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize :
 Did I concern my self in what they won ?
 Did I send embassies to claim their captives ?

Orest. But, Sir, we fear, for you and for our selves,
Troy may again revive, and a new *Hector*
 Rise in *Ashtanax*. Then think betimes ———

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise :
 But tell them, *Pyrrhus* knows not how to form
 Far-fancy'd ills, and dangerous out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind th' unrivall'd strength of *Troy* ;
 Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass ;
 Her Kings, her heroes and embattel'd armies !

Pyr. I call them all to mind ; and see them all
 Confus'd in dust ; all mix'd in one wide ruin ;
 All but a child, and he in bondage held.
 What vengeance can we fear from such a *Troy* ?
 If they have sworn t' extinguish *Hector's* race,
 Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd ?
 Why was he not in *Priam's* bosom slain ?
 He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
 Whelm'd under *Troy*. His death had then been just,
 When age and infancy, alike in vain,
 Plead'd their weakness ; when the heat of conquest,
 And horrors of the sight, rous'd all our rage,
 And blindly hurry'd us through scenes of death.
 My fury then was without bounds : but now,
 My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still ?
 And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
 Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood ?
 An infant's blood ? — no, prince — go, bid the *Greeks*
 Mark out some other victim ; my revenge
 Has had its fill. What has escap'd from *Troy*
 Shall not be sav'd to perish in *Epirus*.

Orest. I need not tell you, Sir, *Ashtanax*
 Was doom'd to death in *Troy* ; nor mention how
 The crafty mother sav'd her darling son.
 The *Greeks* do now but urge their former sentence :

Nor

8 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

Nor is't the boy, but *Hector* they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in *Grecian* blood
Has drench'd his sword: the father, whom the *Greeks*
May seek even here. — prevent them, Sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in *Epirus* seek another *Troy*.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my god-like sire;
Thus was *Achilles* thank'd: but, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall *Greece* then find a rebel son in *Pyrrhus*?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on *Greece*?

Orest. *Hermione* will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and your self:
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. *Hermione* may have her charms; and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs, that I'm a lover;
But never must forget, that I'm a king.
Mean while, Sir, you may see fair *Helen's* daughter:
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The *Greeks*
No doubt expect your quick return.

S C E N E III.

Pyrrhus, Phoenix.

Phæn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess?

Pyr. I'm told, that he has lov'd her long.

Phæn. If so,

Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew?
And she be wrought to listen to his passion.

Pyr. Ah, let them, *Phænix*, let them love their fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together;
Together let them sail for *Sparta*: all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,

What

What irksome thought should I be then reliev'd :

Phæn. But, Sir ———

Pyr. I shall another time, good *Phœnix*,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts — for, see,
Andromache appears.

S C E N E IV.

Pyrrhus, Andromache, Cephisa.

Pyr. May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far, as to believe
You come to seek me here ?

Andr. This way, Sir, leads
To those apartments, where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of *Hector*, and of *Troy* ;
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet, to day, embrac'd my child ;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah, madam ! should the threats of *Greece* prevail
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed !

And. Alas ! what threats ? what can alarm the *Greeks* ?
There are no *Trojans* left.

Pyr. Their hate to *Hector*
Can never die : the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls ; and makes them dread his son.

Andr. A mighty honour for victorious *Greece*
To fear an infant ; a poor friendless child !
Who smiles in bondage ; nor yet knows himself
The son of *Hector*, and the slave of *Pyrrhus*.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the *Greeks* demand his life ;
And send no less than *Agamemnon's* son,
To fetch him hence.

Andr. And, Sir, do you comply
With such demands ! — this blow is aim'd at me :
How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire ?
But, cruel men ! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promis'd to my self in him a son,
In him a friend, a husband and a father.

But

10 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow ;
And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears : I must not see you weep :
And know, I have rejected their demands.
The *Greeks* already threaten me with war :
But, should they arm, as once they did for *Helen*,
And hide the *Adriatick* with their fleets ;
Should they prepare a second ten-years siege,
And lay my tow'rs and palaces in dust ;
I am determin'd to defend your son ;
And rather die my self, than give him up.
But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
Will you refuse me a propitious smile ?
Hated of *Greece*, and prest on every side,
Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
Let me not combat with your cruelties ;
And count *Andromache* among my foes.

Andr. Consider, Sir, how this will sound in *Greece* !
How can so great a soul betray such weakness ?
Let not men say, so generous a design
Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andr. How can *Andromache*, a captive queen,
O'er-whelm'd with grief, a burden to her self,
Harbour a thought of love ? alas ! what charms
Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
To weep for ever ? ——— talk of it no more, ———
To reverence the misfortunes of a foe ;
To succour the distress ; to give the son
To an afflicted mother : to repel
Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life ;
Unbrib'd by love, untterrify'd by threats,
To pity, to protect him : these are cares,
These are exploits worthy *Achilles'* son.

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for ever !
Must *Pyrrhus* never be forgiven ? ——— 'tis true,
My sword has often reek'd in *Phrygian* blood,
And carry'd havock through your royal kindred :
But you, fair princess, amply have aveng'd
Old *Priam's* vanquish'd house : and all the woes,

I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffer'd in our turns : and now
Our common foes should teach us to unite.

Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe ?

Pyr. Forget that term of hatred ; and behold
A friend in *Pyrrhus* ! give me but to hope,
I'll free your son ; I'll be a father to him :
Myself will teach him to avenge the *Trojans*.
I'll go in Person to chastise the *Greeks*,
Both for your wrongs and mine. inspired by you,
What would I not atchieve ? again shall *Troy*
Rise from its ashes : this right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire ; and your son shall reign.

Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:
His hopes of empire perish'd with his father.

No ; thou imperial city, ancient *Troy*,
Thou pride of *Asia*, founded by the gods ;
Never, oh never ! must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which *Hector* could not guard ! —
Sir, all I wish for, is some quiet exile ;
Where far from *Greece* remov'd, and far from you,
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates my envy. oh, return !
Return to your betroth'd *Hermione*. (not ;

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus ? you know, I can—
You know my heart is yours : my soul hangs on you :
You take up every wish : me waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, *Hermione* was sent to share
My throne and bed ; and would with transport hear
The vows, which you neglect.

Andr. She has no *Troy*,
No *Hector* to lament : she has not lost
A husband by your conquests : such a husband !
(Tormenting thought !) whose death alone has made
Your fire immortal : *Pyrrhus* and *Achilles*
Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well ! 'tis very well ! I find,
Your will must be obey'd : imperious captive,
I shall. henceforth I blot you from my mind :

You

12 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

You teach me to forget your charms ; to hate you.
 For, know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
 Too well to treat you with indifference.
 Think well upon it: my disorder'd soul
 Wavers between th' extreams of love and rage.
 I've been too tame ! I will awake to vengeance !
 The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
 The *Greeks* demand him : nor will I endanger
 My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andr. Then he must die ! alas, my son must die !
 He has no friend, no succour left, beside
 His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam ; visit this unhappy son.
 The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart ;
 And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
 I shall once more expect your answer, go ;
 And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
 Think, that his life depends on your resolves.

S C E N E V.

Andromache, Cephisa.

Andr. I'll go ; and, in the anguish of my heart,
 Weep o'er my child — If he must die, my life
 Is wrapt in his ; I shall not long survive.
 'Tis for his sake, that I have suffer'd life ;
 Groan'd in captivity ; and out-liv'd *Hector*.
 Yes, my *Astyanax* ; we'll go together !
 Together to the realms of night we'll go !
 There to thy ravish'd eyes thy fire I'll show,
 And point him out among the shades below.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Hermione, Cleone.

HERMIONE.

WELL, I'll be rul'd, *Cleone* : I will see him ;
I have told *Pylades*, that he may bring him ;
But trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yer.

Cle. And why forbid him ?

Is he not, madam, still the same *Orestes* ?

Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd ?

The man, whose sufferings you so oft lamented,

And often prais'd his constancy and love ?

Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to my self : I blush, to think
How I have us'd him ; and would shun his presence.

What will be my confusion, when he sees me

Neglected, and forsaken, like himself ?

Will he not say, Is this the scornful maid ;

The proud *Hermione*, that tyranniz'd

In *Sparta*'s court ? And triumph'd in her charms ?

Her insolence at last is well repaid.

I cannot bear the thought.

Cle. You wrong your self

With unbecoming fears. He knows too well

Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not

To offer insults ; but repeat his vows,

And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.

But, Madam, what's your royal father's will ?

What orders do your letters bring from *Sparta* ?

Her. His orders are, if *Pyrrhus* still delay

The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice

This *Trojan* boy ; I should with speed embark,

And with their embassy return to Greece.

B

Cle.

14 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

Cle. What would you more? *Orestes* comes in time
To save your honour: *Pyrrhus* cools apace:
Prevent his falshood; and forsake him first.
I know you hate him: you have told me so.

Her. Hate him? my injur'd honour bids me hate him:
Th' ungrateful man! to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart; the man I lov'd so dearly;
The man, I doated on! Oh, my *Cleone*!
How is it possible I should not hate him?

Cle. Then give him over, Madam. Quit his court;
And with *Orestes* ———

Her. No! I must have time
To work up all my rage! to meditate
A parting, full of horror! my revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cle. Do you then wait new insults? new affronts?
To draw you from your father! then to leave you!
In his own court to leave you, ——— for a captive:
If *Pyrrhus* can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress? I fear
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou seest: believe me cur'd:
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquer'd:
Think, that my injur'd soul is set against him;
And do thy best to make me think so too.

Cle. Why would you loiter here, then?

Her. Let us fly!

Let us be gone! I leave him to his captive:
Let him go kneel and supplicate his slave.
Let us be gone! — But, what if he repent?
What, if the perjur'd prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? what, if he renew
His former vows? — but oh, the faithless man!
He slights me! drives me to extreams! — However,
I'll stay, *Cleone*, to perplex their loves:
I'll stay, till, by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the *Greeks*. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son:
Their second embassy shall claim the mother:
I will redouble all my griefs upon her!

The DISTREST MOTHER. 15

Cle. Ah, Madam, whither does your rage transport you?

Andromache, alas, is innocent:

A woman plung'd in sorrow; dead to love:

And, when she thinks of *Pyrrhus*, 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done so too! — He had not, then
Betray'd my easie faith. — But I, alas!

Discover'd all the fondness of my soul;

I made no secret of my passion to him:

Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere.

My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.

Cle. Well might you speak, without reserve, to one
Engag'd to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour too was an excuse to mine:

With other eyes he saw me then: — *Cleone*,

Thou may'st remember, every thing conspir'd

To favour him: my father's wrongs aveng'd;

The *Greeks* triumphant; fleets of *Trojan* spoils;

His mighty fire's, his own immortal fame;

His eager love; — all, all conspir'd against me!

— But I have done: — I'll think no more of *Pyrrhus*:

Orestes wants not merit: and he loves me.

My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him:

And if I've power o'er my own heart, 'tis his.

Cle. Madam, he comes —

Her. Alas! I did not think

He was so near: — I wish I might not see him!

S C E N E II.

Hermione, Cleone, Orestes.

Her. How am I to interpret, Sir, this visit?

Is it a compliment of form, or love?

Orest. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my fate

To love, unpity'd: to desire to see you;

And still to swear each time shall be the last.

My passion breaks through my repeated oaths:

And every time I visit you, I'm perjur'd.

Even now, I find my wounds all bleed afresh:

I blush to own it; but I know no cure.
 I call the gods to witness, I have try'd
 Whatever man could do, (but try'd in vain)
 To wear you from my mind. Through stormy seas,
 And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
 I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you, prince, indulge this mournful
 It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece (tale?
 To talk of dying, and of love. Remember
 The kings you represent: shall their revenge
 Be disappointed by your ill-tim'd passion?
 Discharge your embassy: 'tis not *Orestes*
 The Greeks desire should dye.

Orest. My embassy
 Is at an end: For *Pyrrhus* has refus'd
 To give up *Heclor's* son. Some hidden pow'r
 Protects the boy.

Her. Faithless, ungrateful man! [Aside.

Orest. I now prepare for Greece. But, ere I go,
 Would hear my final doom pronounc'd by you.
 What do I say? — I do already hear it!
 My doom is fixt: I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair? be still suspicious?
 What have I done? wherein have I been cruel?
 'Tis true, you find me in the court of *Pyrrhus*:
 But, 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
 And who can tell, but I have shar'd your griefs?
 Have I ne'er wept in secret? Never wish'd
 To see *Orestes* —

Orest. Wish'd to see *Orestes*! —
 Oh joy, Oh ecstasie! My soul's entranc'd!
 Oh charming princess! Oh transcendent maid!
 My utmost wish! — Thus, thus let me express
 My boundless thanks! — I never was unhappy —
 Am I *Orestes*? —

Her. You are *Orestes*:
 The same unalter'd, generous, faithful lover;
 The prince, whom I esteem; whom I lament;
 And whom I fain would teach my heart to love!

Orest.

Orest. Ay, there it is! — I have but your esteem;
While *Pyrrhus* has your heart! —

Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as *Pyrrhus*, I should hate you!

Orest. No! —
I should be blest! I should be lov'd as he is! —
Yet all this while I die by your disdain;
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected?

Has *Pyrrhus* said — (Oh, I shall grow distracted!)
Has *Pyrrhus* told you so? — or is it you,
Who think thus meanly of me? — Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you —

Orest. Madam, go on!
Insult me still: I'm us'd to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how *Pyrrhus* loves or hates?
— Go, prince; and arm the *Greeks* against the rebel;
Let them lay waste his country; raze his towns;
Destroy his fleets; his palaces; — himself! —
Go, prince; and tell me then how much I love him.

Orest. To hasten his destruction, come your self;
And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Mean while he weds *Andromache*!

Orest. Ah, princess!
What is't I hear?

Her. What infamy for *Greece*,
If he shou'd wed a *Phrygian*, and a captive!

Orest. Is this your hatred, madam? — 'Tis in vain
You hide your passion; every thing betrays it:
Your looks, your speech, your anger, nay, your silence,
Your love appears in all; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet:
My very hate is construed into fondness.

Orest. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.

Her. Then hear me, prince. Obedience to a father
First brought me hither; and the same obedience
Detains me here, 'till *Pyrrhus* drive me hence;

18 *The* DISTREST MOTHER.

Or my offended father shall recall me.
 Tell this proud king, that *Menelaus* scorns
 To match his daughter with a foe of *Greece* :
 Bid him resign *Astyanax*, or me.
 If he persist to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for *Sparta*.

SCENE III.

Orestes, alone.

Then is *Orestes* blest ! my griefs are fled !
 Fled like a dream ! — methinks I tread in air !
Pyrrhus, enamour'd of his captive queen,
 Will thank me, if I take her rival hence :
 He looks not on the princess with my eyes !
 Surprising happiness ! — unlook'd-for joy !
 Never let love despair ! — the prize is mine !
 Be smooth, ye seas ; and, ye propitious winds
 Breathe from *Epirus* to the *Spartan* coasts !
 I long to view the sails unfurl'd — but, see !
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

SCENE IV.

Orestes, Pyrrhus, Phœnix.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, prince. My warm,
 Ungovern'd temper would not let me weigh
 Th' importance of your embassy ; and hear
 You argue for my good. — I was to blame.
 I since have poised your reasons : and I thank
 My good Allies : their care deserves my thanks.
 You have convinc'd me, that the weal of *Greece*,
 My father's honour, and my own repose
 Demand, that *Hector's* race should be destroy'd.
 I shall deliver up *Astyanax* ;
 And you, your self, shall bear the victim hence.

Orest. If you approve it, Sir, and are content
 To spill the blood of a defenceless child ;
 Th' offended *Greeks*, no doubt, will be appeas'd.

Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of your alliance,

I have determin'd to espouse *Hermione*.

You come in time to grace our nuptial rites :
In you the kings of *Greece* will all be present ;
And you have right to personate her father ,
As his ambassador and brother's son.

Go, prince, renew your visit ; tell *Hermione*,
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Orest. O change of fortune ! oh undone *Orestes*. (*aside*.)

SCENE V.

Pyrrhus, *Phœnix*.

Pyr. Well, *Phœnix* ! am I still a slave to love ?
What think'st thou now ? am I my self again ?

Phæn. 'Tis as it should be ; this discovers *Pyrrhus* ;
Shews all the hero : now you are your self !
The son ! the rival of the great *Achilles* !

Greece will applaud you ; and the world confess,
Pyrrhus has conquer'd *Troy* a second time !

Pyr. Nay, *Phœnix*, now I but begin to triumph :
I never was a conqueror till now !

Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes
May sooner be subdued, than love. O, *Phœnix* !
What ruin have I shunn'd ? the *Greeks*, enrag'd,
Hung o'er me, like a gathering storm ; and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head ; while I
Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all,
To please a thankless woman ! ——— one kind look
Had quite undone me !

Phæn. O, my royal master !
The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel. (me !

Pyr. Thou saw'st with how much scorn she treated
When I permitted her to see her son,
I hop'd it might have work'd her to my wishes,
I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bath'd in tears, and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
On *Hector*'s name : and when I spoke in comfort,
And promis'd my protection to her son ;
She kiss'd the boy ; and call'd again on *Hector* :

20 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

Then strain'd him in her arms; and cry'd, 'tis he!

'Tis he himself! his eyes, his every feature!

His very frown, and his stern look already!

'Tis he, 'tis my lov'd lord, whom I embrace! —

Does she then think, that I preserve the boy,

To sooth and keep alive her flame for *Hector*?

Phæn. No doubt, she does; and thinks you favour'd
in it.

But let her go, for an ungrateful woman!

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud, stubborn
heart:

Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
She mocks my rage; and, when it threatens loudest,
Expects, 'twill soon be humbled into love.

But we shall change our parts, and she shall find,

I can be deaf like her; and steel my heart!

She's *Hector*'s widow; I *Achilles*' son.

Pyr. *Pyrrhus* is born to hate *Andromache*.

Phæn. My royal master, talk of her no more:

I do not like this anger. Your *Hermione*

Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see her.

'Tis time, you should prepare the nuptial rites;

And not rely upon a rival's care:

It may be dangerous.

Pya. But tell me, *Phænix*;

Dost thou not think, the proud *Andromache*

Will be enrag'd, when I shall wed the princess?

Phæn. Why does *Andromache* still haunt your
thoughts:

What is't to you, be she enrag'd or pleas'd?

Let her name perish: think of her no more!

Pyr. No, *Phænix*! — I have been too gentle
with her:

I've check'd my wrath, and stifled my resentments:

She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.

Let us return: — I'll brave her to her face:

I'll give my anger its free course against her.

Thou shalt see, *Phænix*, how I'll break her pride!

Phæn. Oh, go not, Sir! — there's ruin in her eyes!

You do not know your strength: You'll fall before her,

A.

The DISTREST MOTHER. 21

Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Pyr. That were indeed a most unmanly weakness!
Thou dost not know me, *Phœnix*!

Phœn. Ah, my prince!
You still are struggling in the toils of love.

Pyr. Canst thou then think I love this woman still?
One who repays my passion with disdain!
A stranger, captive, friendless and forlorn;
She and her darling son within my power;
His life a forfeit to the *Greeks*: yet I
Preserve her son; would take her to my throne;
Would fight her battels, and avenge her wrongs;
And all this while she treats me as her foe!

Phœn. You have it in your pow'r to be reveng'd.

Pyr. Yes; — and I'll shew my power! — I'll give
her cause

To hate me! her *Astyanax* shall die! —
What tears will then be shed! how will she then
In bitterness of heart reproach my name!
Then, to compleat her woes, will I espouse
Hermione: — 'twill stab her to the heart!

Phœn. Alas, you threaten, like a lover, still!

Pyr. *Phœnix*, excuse this struggle of my soul:
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phœn. Then hasten, Sir, to see the *Spartan* princess:
And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh, 'tis a heavy task to conquer love!
And wean the soul from her accusom'd fondness.
But, come: — A long farewell to *Hector's* widow.
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd.
The merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd-for coast;
Of turns and sees, with a delighted eye,
'Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly:
And, while th' outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Pylades, Orestes.

PYLADES.

FOR heav'ns sake, Sir, compose your ruffled mind,
And moderate your rage !

Orest. No, *Pylades* !

This is no time for counsel — I am deaf.

Talk not of reason ! I have been too patient.

Life is not worth my care. My soul grows desperate.

I'll bear her off ; or perish in th' attempt.

I'll force her from his arms : — by heav'n, I will !

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend : — we'll force her
hence.

But still consider we are in *Epirus* :

The court, the guards, *Hermione* her self.

The very air we breathe, belongs to *Pyrrhus*.

Good gods ! what tempted you to seek her here ?

Orest. Lost to my self, I knew not what I did !

My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came

To menace *Pyrrhus*, and upbraid this woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Orest. I must be more than man to bear these shocks,
These outrages of fate, with temper !

He tells me, that he weds *Hermione* ;

And will to-morrow take her from my hand ! —

My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart ! —

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, Sir : — he's not to blame.

Could you but look into the soul of *Pyrrhus*,

Perhaps you'll find it tortur'd, like your own.

Orest. No, *Pylades* ! 'tis all design'd. — His pride,
To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.

The fair, the bright *Hermione* before I came,

In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.

Ah cruel gods ! I thought her all my own !

She

She was consenting to return to *Sparta* :
Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,
Was on the wing to take its leave of *Pyrrhus*.
She heard my sighs ; she pity'd my complaints ;
She praised my constancy : — the least indifference
From this proud king, had made *Orestes* happy !

Pyl. So your fond heart believes ! —

Orest. Did I not see
Her hate, her rage, her indignation rise
Against the ungrateful man ?

Pyl. Believe me, prince,
'Twas then she lov'd him most ! had *Pyrrhus* left her,
She would have form'd some new pretext to stay.
Take my advice : — think not to force her hence ;
But fly your self from her destructive charms.
Her soul is link'd to *Pyrrhus* : were she yours,
She would reproach you still, and still regret
Her disappointed nuptials. —

Orest. Talk no more !
I cannot bear the thought ! she must be mine !
Did *Pyrrhus* carry thunder in his hand,
I'll stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
Ere I resign *Hermione* — by force
I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships !
Have we forgot her mother *Helen's* rape ?

Pyl. Will then *Orestes* turn a ravisher !
And blot his embassy ?

Orest. O, *Pylades* !
My grief weighs heavy on me : — 'Twill distract me !
O leave me to my self ! — let not thy friendship
Involve thee in my woes. too long already,
Too long hast thou been punish'd for my crimes.
It is enough, my friend ! — it is enough !
Let not thy generous love betray thee farther.
The gods have set me as their mark, to empty
Their quivers on me. — leave me to my self.
Mine be the danger ; mine the enterprize.
All I request of thee is, to return,
And in my place convey *Astyanax*

As

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(As *Pyrrhus* has consented) into *Greece*.

Go, *Pylades* ———

Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!
Let us bear off *Hermione*! no toil,
No danger can deter a friend! ——— lead on!
Draw up the *Greeks*: summon your numerous train,
The ships are ready; and the wind sits fair:
There eastward lies the sea; the rolling waves
Break on those palace stairs. I know each pass,
Each avenue and out-let of the court.
This very night we'll carry her on board.

Orest. Thou art too good! — I trespass on thy friend.
But, oh excuse a wretch, whom no man pities, (ship:
Ex cept thy self; one just about to lose
The treasure of his soul: whom all mankind
Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself.
When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind. — but now remember
To keep your counsel close, and hide your thoughts:
Let not *Hermione* suspect — no more —
I see her coming, Sir ———

Orest. Away, my friend;
I am advis'd: my all depends upon it.

S C E N E II.

Orestes, Hermione, Cleone.

Orest. Madam, your orders are obey'd: I have seen
Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gain'd him for you.
The king resolves to wed you.

Her. So I'm told;
And farther, I am inform'd, that you, *Orestes*,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Orest. And are you, madam, willing to comply?

Her. Could I imagine *Pyrrhus* lov'd me still?
After so long delays, who would have thought
His hidden flames would shew themselves at last,
And kindle in his breast, when mine expir'd?
I can suppose, with you, he fears the *Greeks*;

That

The DISTREST MOTHER. 25

That it is interest, and not love, directs him ;
And, that my eyes had greater power o'er you.

Orest. No, princess, no ! It is too plain he loves you.
Your eyes do what they will ; and cannot fail
To gain a conquest, where you wish they should.

Her. What can I do, alas ! — my faith is promised :
Can I refuse, what is not mine to give ?
A princess is not at her choice to love ;
All we have left us is a blind obedience :
And yet, you see, how far I had complied,
And made my duty yield to your intreaties.

Orest. Ah, cruel maid ! you knew—but I have done.
All have a right to please themselves in love :
I blame you not : 'tis true I hop'd : — but you
Are mistress of your heart : and I'm content.
'Tis fortune is mine enemy ; not you.
But, madam, I shall spare your farther pain
On this uneasy theme ; and take my leave.

S C E N E III.

Hermione, Cleone.

Her. *Cleone*, could'st thou think he'd be so calm ?

Cle. Madam, this silent grief sits heavy on him.
He's to be pity'd : his too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction. (*rhos.*
His threats have wrought this change of mind in *Pyr-*

Her. Dost thou think *Pyrrhus* capable of fear ?
Whom should th'intrepid *Pyrrhus* fear ? the *Greeks* ?
Did he not lead their harrassed troops to conquest
When they despaired ? when they retir'd from *Troy* ;
And sought for shelter in their burning fleets ?
Did he not then supply his father's place ?
No ! my *Cleone* ; he's above constraint :
He acts unforc'd ; and where he weds, he loves.

Cle. Oh, that *Orestes* had remain'd in *Greece* !
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing, but *Orestes* ?
Pyrrhus is mine again ! — Is mine for ever !
Oh my *Cleone* ! I am wild with joy ——— *Pyr.*

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Pyrrhus, the bold ! the brave ! the godlike *Pyrrhus* !

——— Oh, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles ! — Oh, *Cleone* ———

Cle. Madam, conceal your joy, — I see *Andromache* :
She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.

Her. I will indulge the gladness of my heart !
Let us retire : her grief is out of season.

S C E N E IV.

Andromache, *Hermione*, *Cleone*, *Cephisa*.

And. Ah, madam ! whither, whither do you fly ?

Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing,
Than *Hector*'s widow suppliant, and in tears ?

I come not an alarm, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won :

The only man I sought to please, is gone ;

Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand.

Hector first taught me love ; which my fond heart
Shall ever cherish, till we meet in death.

But, oh, I have a son ! — and you, one day,

Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness :

But heav'n forbid, that you should ever know

A mother's sorrow for an only son,

Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort !

When every hour she trembles for his life !

Your power o'er *Pyrrhus* may relieve my fears.

Alas ! what danger is there in a child,

Sav'd from the wrack of a whole ruined empire ?

Let me go hide him in some desert isle :

You may rely upon my tender care,

To keep him far from perils of ambition :

All, he can learn of me, will be to weep !

Her. Madam, 'tis easie to conceive your grief :

But, it would ill become me, to solicit

In contradiction to my father's will :

'Tis he, who urges to destroy your son.

Madam, if *Pyrrhus* must be wrought to pity,

No woman does it better, than your self :

If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Andromache, Cephisa.

And. Didst thou not mind, with what disdain the Youth and prosperity have made her vain : (spoke ! She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel ; I'd speak my own distress : one look from you Will vanquish *Pyrrhus* and confound the *Greeks* — See, where he comes ! — lay hold on this occasion.

SCENE VI.

Pyrrhus, *Andromache*, *Phœnix*, *Cephisa*.

Pyr. Where is the princess ? -- did you not inform me *Hermione* was here ? (To *Phœnix*.

Phœn. I thought so, Sir.

And. Thou seest, what mighty power my eyes have on him ! [To *Cephisa*.

Pyr. What says the *Phœnix* ?

And. I have no hope left !

Phœn. Let us be gone : — *Hermione* expects you.

Ceph. For heaven's sake, madam, break this sullen silence.

And. My child's already promised ! —

Ceph. But not given.

And. No ! no ! — my tears are vain ! his doom is fixt !

Pyr. See, if she deigns to cast one look upon us ! Proud woman !

And. I provoke him by my presence. Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy The *Greeks* ; and give them up this *Phrygian* boy.

And. Ah, Sir, recal those words ! -- what have you said ! If you give up my son, O give up me ! —

You, who so many times have sworn me friendship ;

Oh heav'ns ! — will you not look with pity on me ?

Is there no hope ? is there no room for pardon ?

Pyr. *Phœnix* will answer you : my word is past.

And.

28 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

Andr. You, who would brave so many dangers for me.

Pyr. I was your lover then :----I now am free.
To favour you, I might have spar'd his life :
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me,
Now 'tis too late.

Andr. Ah, Sir, you understood
My tears, my wishes, which I durst not utter,
Afraid of a repulse. Oh, Sir, excuse
The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas ! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity and to own a master.

Pyr. No ! in your heart you curse me ! you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be obliged !
This very son, this darling of your soul,
Would be less dear, did I preserve him for you.
Your anger, your aversion fall on me :
You hate me more than the whole league of *Greece* :
But, I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, *Phanix*, and appeale the *Greeks*.

Andr. Then let me die ! and let me go to *Hector* !

Ceph. But, madam——

Andr. What can I do more ? the tyrant
Sees my distraction, and insults my tears ! [*To Cephisa*.
——Behold how low you have reduced a queen !
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes ;
My kindred fall in war ; my father slain ;
My husband dragg'd in his own blood ; my son
Condemn'd to bondage ; and my self a slave.
Yet in the midst of these unheard of woes,
'Twas some relief to find my self your captive ;
And that my son derived from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had *Pyrrhus* for his master.
When *Priam* kneeled, the great *Achilles* wept :
I hop'd I should not find his son less noble :
I thought the brave were still the most compassionate !
Oh, do not, Sir, divide me from my child !——
If he must dye——

Pyr. *Phœnix*, withdraw a while.

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

Pyrrhus, Andromache.

Pyr. Rise, madam.----Yet you may preserve your son.
 I find, whenever I provoke your tears,
 I furnish you with arms against my self.
 I thought my hatred fixt before I saw you.
 Oh turn your eyes upon me, while I speak!
 And see, if you discover in my looks
 An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
 Why will you force me to desert your cause?
 In your son's name I beg we may be friends:
 Let me intreat you to secure his life!
 Must I turn suppliant for him? think, oh think,
 (Tis the last time) you both may yet be happy!
 I know the ties I break; the foes I arm:
 I wrong *Hermione*; I send her hence;
 And with her diadem, I bind your brows.
 Consider well; for, 'tis of moment to you!
 Chuse to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
 My soul, consum'd with a whole year's despair,
 Can bear no longer these perplexing doubts.
 Enough of sighs, and tears, and threats I have try'd,
 I know, if I'm depriv'd of you, I die:
 But oh, I die, if I wait longer for you!
 I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
 We'll to the temple: there you'll find your son;
 And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

SCENE VIII.

Andromache, Cephisa.

Ceph. I told you, madam, that, in spite of *Greece*,
 You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.

Andr. Alas! *Cephisa*, what have I obtain'd!
 Only a poor, short respite for my son.

Ceph. You have enough approv'd your faith to *Hector*:
 To be reluctant still would be a crime.

He would himself persuade you to comply. *Andr.*

30 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

And. How ! — wouldst thou give me *Pyrrhus* for a husband ?

Ceph. Think you 'twill please the ghost of your dead husband,

That you should sacrifice his son ? consider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne ;
Turns all his power against the foes of *Troy* ;
Remembers not *Achilles* was his father ;
Retracts his conquests, and forgets his hatred.

And. But, how can I forget it ! how can I
Forget my *Hector*, treated with dishonour ;
Depriv'd of funeral rites ; and vilely dragg'd,
A bloody carcase, about the walls of *Troy* ?
Can I forget the good old king his father,
Slain in my presence ; at the altar slain !
Which vainly, for protection, he embrac'd.
Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, *Cephisa*,
When a whole people fell ! methinks I see
Pyrrhus, enrag'd and breathing vengeance, enter
Amidst the glare of burning palaces :
I see him hew his passage through my brothers ;
And, bathed in blood, lay all my kindred waste.
Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd :
This is the courtship I receiv'd from *Pyrrhus* ;
And this the husband thou would'st give me ! No,
We both will perish first ! I'll ne'er consent.

Ceph. Since you resolve *Astyanax* shall die,
Haste to the temple ; bid your son farewell.
Why do you tremble, Madam ?

And. Oh *Cephisa* !

Thou hast awaken'd all the mother in me.
How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
The pledge, the image of my much-lov'd lord !
Alas, I call to mind the fatal day,
When his too forward courage led him forth
To seek *Achilles*.

Ceph. Oh, the unhappy hour !

'Twas then *Troy* fell, and all her gods forsook her.

And. That morn, *Cephisa* ! that ill-fated morn !
My husband bid thee bring *Astyanax* ;

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He took him in his arms ; and, as I wept,
My wife, my dear *Andromache*, said he,
(Heaving with stifled sighs to see me weep)
What fortune may attend my arms, the gods
Alone can tell. to thee I give the boy ;
Preserve him as the token of our loves :
If I should fall, let him not miss his sire
While thou surviv'st ; but by thy tender care
Let the son see, that thou didst love his father.

Ceph. And will you throw away a life so precious ?
At once extirpate all the *Trojan* line ?

Andr. Inhuman king, what has he done to suffer ?
If I neglect your vows, is he to blame ?

Has he reproach'd you with his slaughter'd kindred ?
Can he resent those ills he does not know ?——

But oh ! while I deliberate he dies.

No, no, thou must not die, while I can save thee :

Oh ! let me find out *Pyrhus*——Oh *Cephisa* !

Do thou go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him ?

And. Tell him I love my son to such excess——

But dost thou think he means the child shall dye ;

Can love rejected turn to so much rage ?

Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here——resolve on something.

Andr. Well then assure him——

Ceph. Madam, of your love ?

Andr. Alas thou know'st, that is not in my power.

Oh my dear lord ! Oh *Priam*'s royal house !

Oh my *Astyanax* ! at what a price

Thy mother buys thee !——let us go.

Ceph. But whither ?

And what does your unsettled heart resolve ?

Andr. Come my *Cephisa*, let us go together,

To the sad monument, which I have rais'd

To *Hector*'s shade ; where in their sacred urn

The ashes of my hero lye enclosed,

The dear remains which I have sav'd from *Troy* ;

There let me weep, there summon to my aid,

With pious rites, my *Hector*'s awful shade ;

Let

32 *The DISTRESS MOTHER.*

Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears,
My agonizing heart, my flowing tears :
Oh ! may he rise in pity from his tomb,
And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Andromache, Cephisa.

Ceph. **B** Lest be the tomb of *Hector*, that inspires
These pious thoughts : or is it *Hector's* self,
That prompts you to preserve your son ! 'tis he,
Who still presides o'er ruin'd *Troy* ; 'tis he,
Who urges *Pyrrhus* to restore *Astyanax*.

Andr. *Pyrrhus* has said he will : and thou hast heard
him

Just now renew the oft-repeated promise.

Ceph. Already, in the transports of his heart,
He gives you up his kingdom, his allies,
And thinks himself o'erpaid for all in you.

Andr. I think I may rely upon his promise :
And yet my heart is overcharg'd with grief.

Ceph. Why should you grieve ? you see he bids defiance
To all the *Greeks* : and, to protect your son
Against their rage, has placed his guards about him ;
Leaving himself defenceless for his sake :
But madam, think the coronation pomps
Will soon demand your presence in the temple :
'Tis time you lay aside these mourning weeds.

Andr. I will be there ; but first would see my son.

Ceph. Madam, you need not now be anxious for him :
He will be always with you, all your own,
To lavish the whole mother's fondness on him.
What a delight to train beneath your eye
A son, who grows no longer up in bondage ;
A son in whom a race of kings revives ?
But, madam, you are sad, and wrapt in thought,

As if you relish'd not your happiness.

Andr. Oh I must see my son once more, *Cephisa*!

Ceph. Madam, he now will be no more a captive;
Your visits may be frequent as you please.

To morrow you may pass the live-long day——

Andr. To morrow! Oh *Cephisa*!——But, no more!

Cephisa, I have always found thee faithful:

A load of care weighs down my drooping heart.

Ceph. Oh! that 'twere possible for me to ease you.

Andr. I soon shall exercise thy long-try'd faith.——

Mean while I do conjure thee, my *Cephisa*,

Thou take no notice of my present trouble:

And, when I shall disclose my secret purpose,

That thou be punctual to perform my will.

Ceph. Madam, I have no will but yours. my life
Is nothing, ballanc'd with my love to you.

Andr. I thank thee, good *Cephisa*: my *Astyanax*
Will recompence thy friendship to his mother.

But, come: my heart's at ease: assist me now

To change this sable habit——yonder comes

Hermione: I would not meet her rage.

SCENE II.

Hermione, *Cleone*:

Cle. This unexpected silence, this reserve,
This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
After such wrongs and Insults, much surprize me!
You, who before could not command your rage,
When *Pyrrhus* look'd but kindly on his captive;
How can you bear unmov'd, that he should wed her,
And seat her on a throne which you should fill?
I fear this dreadful stillness in your soul!
'Twere better, madam——

Her. Have you call'd *Orestes*?

Cle. Madam, I have. His love is too impatient,
Not to obey with speed the welcome summons.
His love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage:
His ardour's still the same——Madam, he's here.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Orestes, Hermione, Cleone.

Orest. Ah madam, is it true ! does then *Orestes*
At length attend you by your own commands ?
What can I do——

Her. *Orestes*, do you love me ?

Orest. What means that question, princess ? do I love
you ?

My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my tears,
My farewell, my return, all speak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I believe them all.

Orest. It shall be done——my soul has catch'd the
alarm !

We'll spirit up the *Greeks*——I'll lead them on :
Your cause shall animate our fleets and armies.
Let us return : let us not lose a moment,
But urge the fate of this devoted land :
Let us depart.

Her. No, prince, let us stay here !
I will have vengeance here——I will not carry
This load of infamy to *Greece* ; nor trust
The chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.
E're I depart I'll make *Epirus* mourn.
If you avenge me let it be this instant ;
My rage brooks no delay——haste to the temple,
Haste prince, and sacrifice him.

Orest. Whom ?

Her. Why *Pyrrhus*.

Orest. *Pyrrhus* ? did you say *Pyrrhus* ?

Her. You demurr ?

Oh fly, be gone ! give me not time to think !
Talk not of laws——he tramples on all laws——
Let me not hear him justify'd,——away.

Orest. You cannot think I'll justify my rival,
Madam, your love has made him criminal.
You shall have vengeance ; I'll have vengeance too :
But let our hatred be profest and open ;
Let us alarm all *Greece*, denounce a war ;
Let us attack him in his strength, and hunt him down

By conquest : should I turn a base assassin,
'I would sully all the kings I represent.

Her. Have not I been dishonour'd ? set at nought ?
Expos'd to publick scorn ? — and will you suffer
The tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live ?
Know, prince, I hate him more than once I lov'd him ;
The gods alone can tell how once I loved him ;
Yes, the false perjur'd man, I once did love him ;
And spite of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he should live, I may relapse — who knows
But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs ?

Orest. First let me tear him piecemeal — he shall dye.
But madam, give me leisure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death :
Yet I'm a stranger in the court of *Pyrrhus* ;
Scarce have I set my foot within *Epirus*,
When you enjoin me to destroy the prince.
It shall be done this very night.

Her. But now,
This very hour he weds *Andromache* ;
The temple shines with pomp ; the golden throne
Is now prepar'd ; the joyful rites begin ;
My shame is publick — oh be speedy, prince !
My wrath's impatient — *Pyrrhus* lives too long !
Intent on love and heedless of his person,
He covers with his guards the *Trojan* boy.
Now is the time ; assemble all your *Greeks* :
Mine shall assist them ; let their fury loose :
Already they regard him as a foe.
Be gone, *Orestes*, — kill the Faithless tyrant,
My love shall recompence the glorious deed.

Orest. Consider, madam —

Her. You but mock my rage !
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle sighs ;
And not attest your love by one brave action ?
Go, with your boasted constancy ! and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge !
I blush to think how my too easie faith

Has

36 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour !

Orest. Hear me but speak ! ——— you know I'll die to serve you !

Her. I'll go my self ; I'll stab him at the altar :
Then drive the poignard reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart. In death we shall unite :
Better to die with him, than live with you !

Orest. That were to make him blest ; and me more wretched :

Madam, he dies by me : ——— have you a foe,
And shall I let him live ? my rival too ?
E're yon meridian sun declines, he dies :
And you shall say, that I deserve your love.

Her. Go prince : strike home ! and leave the rest to me.

Let all your ships stand ready for our flight.

S C E N E IV.

Hermione, Cleone.

Cle. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to perish.
I was to blame to trust it with another :
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not *Pyrrhus*, as I hate him :
I should have thrust the dagger home ; have seen
The tyrant curse me with his parting breath,
And roll about his eyes, in vain,
To find *Andromache* whom I would hide.
Oh, would *Orestes*, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim ! haste *Cleone* ;
Charge him to say, *Hermione's* resentments,
Not those of *Greece*, have sentenc'd him to death.
Haste my *Cleone* ! my revenge is lost,
If *Pyrrhus* knows not that he dies by me.

Cle. I shall obey your orders, ——— but I see
The King approach ! ——— who could expect him here !

Her. Oh fly ! *Cleone*, fly ! and bid *Orestes*
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Pyrrhus, Phœnix.

Phœn. Sir, did you mind her threats? your life's in danger:

There is no trifling with a woman's rage.
The Greeks, that swarm about the court, all hate you;
Will treat you as their country's enemy,
And join in her revenge: besides, *Orestes*
Still loves her to distraction: Sir, I beg —

Pyr. How! *Phœnix*: — should I fear a woman's threats?

A nobler passion takes up all my thought:
I must prepare to meet *Andromache*.
Do thou place all my guards about her son:
If he be safe, *Pyrrhus* is free from fear.

SCENE VII.

Phœnix alone.

Oh *Pyrrhus*! Oh, what pity 'tis, the gods,
Who fill'd thy soul with every kindly virtue,
Form'd thee for empire and consummate greatness,
Should leave thee so expos'd to wild desires,
That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason!
Such was *Achilles*: generous, fierce, and brave;
Open, and undesigning: but impatient,
Undisciplin'd, and not to be controll'd.
I fear this whirl of passion, this career,
That over-bears reflection and cool thought,
I tremble for the event! — but see, the queen,
Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
I must obey, and guard her son from danger.

SCENE VIII.

Andromache, Cephisa.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen;
Your sorrows are dispersed, your charms revive,

C

And

38 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, *Cephisa*.

Ceph. You see the King is watchful o'er your son;
Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds
him:

Astyanax begins to reign already.

Andr. *Pyrrhus* is nobly minded: and I fain
Would live to thank him for *Astyanax*:
'Tis a vain thought — however since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me:
What meant these floods of tears, those warm embraces,
As if you bid your son adieu for ever?
For heav'n's sake, madam, let me know your griefs!
If you distrust my faith —

Andr. That were to wrong thee.
Oh, my *Cephisa*! this gay, borrowed air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock-trappings to conceal my woe:
My heart still mourns; I still am *Hector's* widow.

Ceph. Will you then break the promise given to *Pyrrhus*:
Blow up his rage afresh, and blast your hopes?

Andr. I thought, *Cephisa*, thou had'st known thy
mistress!

Could'st thou believe I would be false to *Hector*?
Fall off from such a husband! break his rest,
And call him to this hated light again,
To see *Andromache* in *Pyrrhus's* arms!
Would *Hector*, were he living and I dead,
Forget *Andromache*, and wed her foe?

Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue:
But, oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it!
Must then *Astyanax* be doom'd to dye;
And you to linger out a life in bondage?

Andr. Nor this, nor that, *Cephisa*, will I bear:
My word is past to *Pyrrhus*, his to me;
And I rely upon his promis'd faith.
Unequal as he is, I know him well:
Pyrrhus is violent; but he's sincere,

And

And will perform beyond what he has sworn.
The *Greeks* will but incense him more; their rage
Will make him cherish *Hector's* son.

Ceph. Ah, madam!

Explain these riddles to my boading heart!

Andr. Thou may'st remember, for thou oft hast
heard me

Relate the dreadful vision, which I saw,
When first I landed captive in *Epirus*.
That very night, as in a dream I lay,
A ghastly figure, full of gaping wounds,
His eyes a-glare, his hair all stiff with blood,
Full in my sight thrice shook his head and groan'd.
I soon discern'd my slaughter'd *Hector's* shade;
But, oh, how chang'd! ye gods, how much unlike
The living *Hector*! — loud he bid me fly!
Fly from *Achilles'* son! then sternly frown'd,
And disappear'd: struck with the dreadful sound,
I started and awak'd.

Ceph. But did he bid you

Destroy *Astyanax*?

Andr. *Cephisa*. I'll preserve him;
With my own life, *Cephisa*, I'll preserve him.

Ceph. What may these words, so full of horror,
mean?

Andr. Know then the secret purpose of my soul:
Andromache will not be false to *Pyrrhus*;
Nor violate her secret love to *Hector*.

This hour I'll meet the king; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows.

This will secure a father to my child.

That done, I have no farther use for life:

This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.

Ceph. Ah, madam! recollect your scatter'd reason!
This fell despair ill suits your present fortunes.

Andr. No other stratagem can serve my purpose:
This is the sole expedient to be just
To *Hector*, to *Astyanax*, to *Pyrrhus*.
I soon shall visit *Hector*, and the shades

40 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

Of my great ancestors — *Cephisa*, thou
Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress' eyes.

Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind you!

Andr. No, my *Cephisa*; I must have thee live.

Remember thou did'st promise to obey,
And to be secret: wilt thou now betray me?
After thy long, thy faithful service, wilt thou
Refuse my last commands, my dying wish?
Once more, I do conjure thee, live for me!

Ceph. Life is not worth my care, when you are gone.

Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands,
All that is dear and precious to my soul:
Live, and supply my absence to my child.
All that remains of *Troy*; a future progeny
Of heroes; and a distant line of kings,
In him, is all intrusted to thy care.

Ceph. But, madam, what will be the rage of *Pyrrhus*,
Defrauded of his promis'd happiness?

Andr. That will require thy utmost skill: observe
The first impetuous onsets of his grief:
Use every artifice to keep him stedfast.
Sometimes with tears thou may'st discourse of me:
Speak of our marriage: let him think I lov'd him:
Tell him my soul repos'd it self on him,
When I resign'd my son to his protection.

Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief!
Is there ought more, before you go for ever?

Andr. Oh, my *Cephisa*! my swoll'n heart is full!
I have a thousand farewells to my son: ———
But tears break in ——— grief interrupts my speech —
My soul o'erflows in fondness! ——— let him know
I dy'd to save him: ——— and would dye again.
Season his mind with early hints of glory:
Make him acquainted with his ancestors;
Trace out their shining story in his thoughts:
Dwell on th' exploits of his immortal father;
And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.
Let him reflect upon his royal birth
With modest pride: *Pyrrhus* will prove a friend:
But let him know, he has a conqueror's right.

He

The DISTREST MOTHER. 41

He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety,
Should he prove head-strong, rash, or unadvised,
He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue;
Provoke his fate; and I shall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas, I fear, I never shall out-live you!

Andr. No more: — thy tears, *Cephisa*, will betray
me:

Assume a chearful look: but still remember —

[*Flourish within.*]

Hark, how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
Proclaims the appointed hour, and calls us hence:
Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee!
Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
Pleased with the sacred fire's enlivening sound,
Through gazing crouds, in solemn state, proceeds;
And, drest in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hermione, alone.

WHat have I done? where am I? where is *Pyrrhus*?
Ye gods! what mean these horrors? — I'm
undone!

My soul is on the rack! — I cannot bear it! —

Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?

What brought me to this place? what keeps me here?

The court of *Pyrrhus* has no room for me! —

Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?

Hard-hearted man! how unconcern'd he left me!

Did he once sigh? bestow one pitying look?

Once shed a tear? or speak one soft kind word?

Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,

To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falshood?

— Why am I still thus anxious for his life?

Why do I start at his impending fate?

Shall he then live; shall the base traitor live

He

C 3

To

42 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

To laugh at my distress ? no, let him perish !
 Be quick, *Orestes* ——— execute my orders !
 Alas ! my orders ? oh preposterous guilt !
 Can I decree the death of him I love ?
 Was it for this my soul delighted in him ?
 Was it for this I left my father's court ?
 Have I then cross'd so many realms and seas,
 To murder *Pyrrhus* ? ———

SCENE II.

Hermione, Cleone.

Her. Oh, *Cleone* help me !

What have I done ? Is *Pyrrhus* yet alive ?
 What say'st thou ? — answer me ! where is the king ?

Cle. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
 Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
 Still, as he walk'd, his ravish'd eyes were fixt
 On the fair captive ; while through shouting crouds
 She pass'd along with a dejected air,
 And seem'd to mourn her *Hector* to the last.

Her. Insulting tyrant ! I shall burst with rage !
 But say, *Cleone*, didst thou mark him well ?
 Was his brow smooth ? say, did there not appear
 Some shade of grief ? some little cloud of sorrow !
 Did he not stop ? did he not once look back ?
 Didst thou approach him ? was he not confounded ?
 Did he not ——— oh, be quick ! and tell me all !

Cle. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
 No thought, but love. unguarded he march'd on
 'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.
 His cares all turn upon *Astyanax*,
 Whom he has lodg'd within the citadel,
 Defended by the strength of all his guards.

Her. Enough ! — he dyes ! — the traitor ! — where's *Orestes* ?

Cle. He's in the temple, with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute ? is he determin'd ?

Cle. Madam, I fear ———

Her. How ! ——— is *Orestes* false ?
 Does he betray me too ?

[*Cle.*

Cleo. A thousand doubts
 Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse :
 His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
 He told me *Pyrrhus* should not fall ignobly ;
Pyrrhus the warlike son of great *Achilles*.
 He dreads the censure of the *Grecian* states ;
 Of all mankind : and fears to stain his honour.
Her. Poor, timorous wretch ! 'tis false ! he basely fears
 To cope with dangers, and encounter death :
 'Tis that he fears ? — am I bright *Helen's* daughter ?
 To vindicate her wrongs all *Greece* conspir'd ;
 For her confederate nations fought, and kings were
Troy was o'er thrown, and a whole empire fell. (slain ;
 My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm
 Against a tyrant, that has dar'd to wrong me !
Cle. Madam, like *Helen*, trust your cause to *Greece*.
Her. No ; I'll avenge my self ; I'll to the temple ;
 I'll over-turn the altar, stab the priest :
 I'll hurl destruction, like a whirlwind, round me !
 They must not wed ! they must not live ! they shall not !
 Let me be gone ! I have no time to lose !
 Stand off ! with-hold me not ! I'm all distraction !
 Oh *Pyrrhus*, tyrant, traitor ! thou shalt bleed.

S C E N E III.

Hermione, Cleone, Orestes.

Orest. Madam, 'tis done : your orders are obeyed ;
 The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Her. Is *Pyrrhus* slain ? —

Orest. Even now he gasps in death.
 Our *Greeks*, all undistinguish'd in the croud,
 Flock'd to the temple, and dispers'd themselves
 On every side the altar : I was there :
Pyrrhus observ'd me, with a haughty eye ;
 And, proud to triumph over *Greece* in me,
 From his own brows he took the diadem,
 And bound it on the temples of his captive.
 Receive, said he, my crown ; receive my faith ;
 Mine and my people's sovereign for ever.

44 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

From this blest hour, a father to your son,
I'll scourge his foes : henceforward be he stiled
The *Trojan* king. I swear it at the altar ;
And call the gods to ratify my vows.
His subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome ! our *Greeks*, enrag'd, cry'd out
Revenge ! revenge ! broke through the thronging press ;
And rush'd tumultuous on th' unguarded king.
Their eager fury left no work for me.
Pyrrhus a while oppos'd their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows on ev'ry side,
With manly fierceness ; till oppress'd by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over-gash'd with wounds,
He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.
Haste, Madam : let us fly ! haste to our ships !
They lye unmoor'd : our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done !

Orest. Madam, forgive their rage.

I own your vengeance had been more compleat,
Had *Pyrrhus* fall'n by me ; and had he known,
Hermione chastis'd him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monster, peace ! — go tell thy horrid
To savages, and howl it out in desarts. (tale
Would'st thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt ?
Me would'st thou make th' accomplice of thy crimes ?
Hence, to thy *Greeks* ! and boast thy foul exploits !
My soul abhors them ! I disclaim the deed !
Be gone ! I know thee not ! thou fell barbarian !
What had he done ? what could provoke thy madness
T' assassinate so great, so brave a man !
Who set thee on ?

Orest. O, grant me patience, heaven !
With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him ?

Her. What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another ?
Were you t' obey a jealous woman's phrenzy ?
You should have dived into my inmost thoughts :
My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice ;
And all my anger was excess of love.

Why

Why did you take me at my word? You saw
The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave.
You should have question'd me a thousand times;
Yet still have doubted, and still question'd on,
Before you ventur'd on a life so precious.

Orest. Hear me but speak: — heav'n knows, against
my will ———

Her. Why did you not return? why not consult me
A second time? and, undetermin'd still,
Again return, and still find new delays?
What had your rash, officious *Greeks*, dire blood-hounds,
To do with my revenge? what drew you hither,
To bring on me the vengeful woes, that haunt you?
Are these the fruits of your detested love?
Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence
Drove *Pyrrhus* to my rival: and destroys
Both him and me. — he might have lov'd me still,
Had you ne'er interposed. — avant! be gone!
And leave me in *Epirus*. — I renounce
My friends, my country, *Greece*, and all mankind:
But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee!

S C E N E IV.

Orestes.

Am I awake! where am I! soft, my soul:
Be not too rash. — Was that *Hermione*?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not this blood-shed all by her command? —
I am indeed, a most outrageous monster!
A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.
Henceforward let the laws of nations cease;
And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,
Things sacred and prophane, be broken down;
Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
Are not in safety, while *Orestes* lives.
Oh, never more shall my torn mind be healed,
Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!
A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.

SCENE V.

Orestes, Pylades, attended by Greeks.

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone; 'tis death to stay.
Andromache reigns queen: she gives th' alarm,
 And vows revnge upon the foes of *Pyrrhus*.
 The people arm and muster in the streets:
 Our *Greeks* will not be able long to guard
 The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
 We must be speedy, Sir.

Orest. You may depart,
 My friends: — *Hermione* and I remain. —
 Her cruelty has quite undone me! — go,
 And leave me to my self — I'll find her out.

Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess! — she is no more:
 Forget her, Sir, and save your self with us.

Orest. *Hermione* no more! — O all ye powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
 With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,
 Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple:
 In the mid-way she met the corpse of *Pyrrhus*:
 She startled at the sight: then, stiff with horror,
 Gaz'd frightful! waken'd from the dire amaze,
 She raised her eyes to heav'n with such a look,
 As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods:
 Then plung'd a poignard deep within her breast,
 And fell on *Pyrrhus*, grasping him in death.

Orest. I thank you, gods — I never could expect
 To be so wretched! — you have been industrious
 To finish your decrees; to make *Orestes*
 A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
 I'm singled out to bear the wrath of heav'n.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
 The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
 Are vain, and may be fatal.

Orest. True, my friend:
 And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods.
 My fate's accomplish'd! — I shall die content.
 Oh bear me hence! — blow, winds! —

Pyl.

Pyl. Let us be gone.

Orest. The murder'd lovers wait me---hark! they call!
Nay if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine.
One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear

His ravings will return with his misfortunes.

Orest. I am dizzy! — clouds! — quite lost in utter
darkness!

Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.

I shiver! — oh, I freeze! — So: — light returns:

'Tis the grey dawn. — See, *Pylades*! behold! —

I am encompass'd with a sea of blood! —

The crimson billows! — oh! my brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, Sir? — repose your self on me.

Orest. *Pyrrhus*, stand off! what would'st thou? —
how he glares!

What envious hand has clos'd thy wounds? — have
at thee.

It is *Hermione* that strikes. — Confusion!

She catches *Pyrrhus* in her arms. — Oh, save me!

How terrible she looks! — she knits her brow!

She frowns me dead: she frights me into madness!

Where am I? — who are you?

Pyl. Alas, poor prince!

Help to support him. — how he pants for breath!

Orest. This is most kind, my *Pylades*. — Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well: he settles into reason.

Orest. Who talks of reason? better to have none,
Than not enough. — Run, some one, tell my *Greeks*,
I will not have them touch the king. — Now! — now!
I blaze again! — see there! — look where they come!
A shoal of furies! — how they swarm about me!

My terror! — hide me! — oh their snaky locks!

Hark! how they hiss! — see! see their flaming brands!

Now they let drive full at me! how they grin,

And shake their iron whips! — my ears! what yelling!

And see *Hermione*! — she sets them on! —

Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!

Oh! — I am stung to death! dispatch me soon!

There:

48 *The DISTREST MOTHER.*

Three : — take my heart, *Hermione* ! — tear it out !
Disjoint me ! — kill me ! — oh, my tortur'd soul ! —

Pyl. Kind heav'n restore him to his wonted calm !
Oft have I seen him rave : but never thus :
Quite spent ! — assist me, friends, to bear him off.
Our time is short : should his strong rage return,
'T would be beyond our power to force him hence.
Away, my friends ! — I hear the portal open.

S C E N E VI.

Phoenix, attended by guards.

All, all are fled ! — *Orestes* is not here ! —
Triumphant villains ! — the base, giddy rabble,
Whose hands should all have been employ'd with fire
To waste the fleet, flock'd round the dying princess :
And, while they stand agaze, the *Greeks* embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain ! — this sacrilegious murder
Was authorised. — Th' ambassador's escape
Declares his guilt. — Most bloody embassy !
Most unexampled deed ! where, where, ye gods,
Is majesty secure, if in your temples
You give it no protection ! — see ; the queen.

S C E N E VII.

Phoenix, Andromache, Cephisa, with attendants.

Andr. Yes, ye inhumane *Greeks* ! the time will come,
When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds !
How should the *Trojans* hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on *Pyrrhus* ;
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league ;
The man, whose single valour made you triumph.
Is my child there ? —

Ceph. It is the corpse of *Pyrrhus*.

The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andr. Ill-fated prince ! too negligent of life !
And too unwary of the faithless *Greeks* !
Cut off in the fresh, ripening prime of manhood,
Even in the pride of life ; thy triumphs new,

And

The DISTREST MOTHER 49

And all thy glories in full blossom round thee !

The very *Trojans* would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then will your sorrows never end !

Andr. Oh, never ! never — while I live, my tears
Will never cease ; for I was born to grieve. —

Give present orders for the funeral pomp : (*To Phœn.*)

Let him be robed in all his regal state ;

Place round him every shining mark of honour ;

And let the pile, that consecrates his ashes,

Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

S C E N E VIII.

Andromache, Cephisa, *with attendants.*

Ceph. That sound proclaims th' arrival of the prince :
The guards conduct him from the cittadel.

Andr. With open arms I'll meet him ! -- Oh, *Cephisa* !

A springing joy, mixt with a soft concern,

A pleasure, which no language can express,

An ecstasie, that mothers only feel,

Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,

Like gleams of Sun-shine in a louring skie.

Though plung'd in ills, and exercised in care,

Yet never let the noble mind despair.

When prest by dangers, and beset with foes,

The gods their timely succour interpose ;

And, when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,

By unforeseen expedients bring relief.



EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr *Budgell* of the
Inner-Temple.

I Hope you'll own, that with becoming art
I've play'd my game, and topp'd the widow's part.
My spouse, poor man! could not live out the play,
But dy'd commodiously on wedding-day:
While I, his relict, made at one bold fling
My self a princess, and young Sty a king.

You Ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear your servants sigh whole years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?

'Twas a strange 'scape! had Pyrrhus liv'd till now
I had been finely hamper'd in my vow.
To dye by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms!
'Twere an hard fate — ere I had undergone it
I might have took one night — to think upon it.

But why, you'll say, was all this grief exprest
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so much coldness to my kind protector?
— Ah ladies! had you known the good man Hector!
Homer will tell you (or I'm mis-inform'd)
That, when enrag'd the Grecian camp he storm'd,
To break the ten-fold barriers of the gate
He threw a stone of such prodigious weight,

EPILOGUE.

51

*As no two men could lift; not ev'n of those
Who in that age of thund'ring mortals rose:
— It would have sprain'd a dozen modern beaux.*

*At length howe'er I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well dress'd bride.
In you it still remains to grace the play,
And bless with joy my coronation day:
Take then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherless and widow to your care.*

FINIS.





PASTORALS,

B Y

Ambrose Philips, *Esq*;

Nosstra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia. Virg. Ecl. 6.

LOBBIN.



I we, O *Dorset*, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be present; And,
O, bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you
shall sing.

Begin. — A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air,
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent;
So pitiful, that all the Starry Throng,
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.

Ah well a Day! How long must I endure
This pining Pain? Or who shall work my Cure?

Fond

Fond Love no Cure will have ; seeks no Repose ;
 Delights in Grief ; nor any Measure knows.
 And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise ;
 The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies ;
 The Winds are hush'd ; the Dews distil ; and Sleep
 With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep.
 Lonely, with the prouling Wolf, constrain'd
 All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,
 And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame :
 But who in Love can stop the growing Flame ?

Whilome did I, all as this Pop'lar fair,
 Up-raise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,
 'Mong rustick-Routs the chief for wanton Game ;
 Nor could they merry make, 'till *Lobbin* came,
 Who better seen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
 To please the Lads, and win the Lasses Hearts ?
 How deffly to my Oaten Reed so sweet,
 Wont they, upon the Green, to shift their Feet ?
 And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
 Some well devised Tale from me to learn ?
 For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
 To chase the lingring Sun adown the sky.
 But, ah ! since *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
 Within my Heart ; unmindful of Delight,
 The Jolly Grooms I fly ; and all alone
 To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitless Moan.
 Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentless Fair !
 Ere, lingring long, I perish thro' Despair.
 Had *Rosalind* been Mistress of my Mind,
 Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.
 O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
 How flying Years impair our Youthful Prime !
 Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever stay ;
 And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
 The Flow'rs a-new returning Seasons bring ;
 But Beauty faded has no second Spring.

My Words are Wind ! She, deaf to all my Cries,
 Takes Pleasure in the Mischief of her Eyes.
 Like Frisking Heifers, loose in Flow'ry Meads,
 She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads ;

Yet

Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome Chace!
 While, wing'd with Scorn, she flies my fond Embrace.
 She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,
 Fly where she will, her Likeness in my Mind.
 Ah turn thee then! Unthinking Damsel! Why,
 Thus from the Youth, who loves Thee, should'st thou
 No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear: (fly?
 'Tis all but Love; and Love why should'st thou fear?
 What idle Fears a Maiden Breast alarm!
 Stay, simple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.

Two Kidlings, sportive as thy self, I rear;
 Like tender Buds their shooting Horns appear.
 A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame,
 As my fond Heart could with my scornful Dame.
 A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of May,
 Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
 I'll weave. But why these unavailing Pains?
 The Gifts alike and Giver she disdains.

O would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
 Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!
 How would I wander ev'ry Day to find
 The ruddy Wildings! Were but *Lucy* kind,
 For grossly Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,
 And of fresh Hony rob the thrifty Bee:
 Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,
 Thou *Lobbin's* Flock, and *Lobbin* shall possess.
 Fair is my Flock; not yet uncomely I,
 If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why
 Should liquid Fountains flatter us? Yet show
 The bord'ring Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow.

O come, my Love! nor think th' Employment mean,
 The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins wean;
 To drive a-Field by Morn the fat'ning Ewes,
 E're the warm Sun drinks up the cool Dew.
 How would the Crook bescem thy beauteous Hand!
 How would my Younglings round thee gazing stand!
 Ah witless Younglings! gaze not on her Eye,
 Such heedless Glances are the Cause I die.
 Nor trow I when this bitter Blast will end;
 Or if kind Love will ever me befriend.

Sleep,

ce. Sleep, sleep, my Flock ; For, happy you may take
Your Rest, tho' nightly thus your Master wake.

Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale
In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.

The Love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a Partner in his Grief ;
Till by degrees her Notes and silent Night
To Slumbers soft his heavy Heart invite.

The Second Pastoral.

THENOT. COLINET.

THENOT.

THY cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears ;
Unseemly, now that Heav'n so blithe appears ?
Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around ?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet jointly sing !
Their Notes soft-warb'ling to the glad some Spring.

COLINET.

w. Tho' soft their Notes, not so my wayward Fate :
can, Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my state.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born ;
As they to Mirth and Musick, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my Woes renew,
And with my Tears increase the falling Dew.

THENOT.

Small Cause, I ween, has lusty Youth to plain ;
Or who may then the weight of Age sustain,

When,

56 SECOND PASTORAL.

When, as our waining Strength does daily cease,
The tiresome Burden doubles its Increase?
Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,
As trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend;
My Mind a chearful temper still retains,
Spite of my snowy Head and icy Veins:
For, why should Man at crofs Mishaps repine,
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But speak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waste thee, *Thenot*, a whole Day,
Should'st thou give Ear to all my Grief can say.
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedless Lambs
With loud Complaints require their absent Dams.

THENOT.

There's *Lightfoot*, he shall tend them close; and I,
'Twixt whiles, a-crofs the Plain will glance mine Eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end:
Scarce does one smiling hour my Youth attend,
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies show,
Yet all those Days are clouded o'er with Woe:
No Gleam of happy Sun-shine does appear,
My low'ring Sky, and Wintry Days, to chear.
My piteous Plight, in yonder Naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder Scar, too well I see:
Quite destitute it stands of Shelter kind,
The mark of Storms and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,
Nor any Birds among the Branches sing,
No more beneath thy Shade shall Shepherds throng
With Merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleasing Song.

Unhappy

SECOND PASTORAL.

57

Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

THE NOT.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen Hour was't born,
When blighting Mil-dews spoil the rising Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreshows
Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woes.
Untimely born, ill Luck Betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

THE NOT.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongst our Sheep;
From these the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Against ill Luck all cunning Foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

COLINET.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckless Day!
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say.
Unhappy Hour! when first, in Youthful Bud,
I left the fair *Sabrina's* silver Flood:
Ah silly I! more silly than my Sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when shall I once more
With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
When, in the Crystal of thy Waters, see
My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Misery?
When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode
My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod?
Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,
Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

THE

THE NOT.

And what the Cause that drew thee first away?
From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to stray?

COLINET.

A lewd Desire strange Lands and Swains to know:
Ah God! that ever I should cover Woe!
With wand'ring Feet unblest'd, and fond of Fame,
I sought I know not what, besides a Name.

THE NOT.

Or, sooth to say, did thou not hither roam
In hopes of Wealth, thou cou'dst not find at Home?
A Rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss;
And, to their Cost, green Years Old Proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small Need there was, in flattering Hopes of Gain,
To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
To distant *Cam*: Fine Gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to my self such deal of Woe!
My Sheep quite spent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:
Here, on cold Earth to make my Nightly Bed,
And on a bending Willow rest my Head,
'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:
But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd;
Unkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Showr's
Destroy the tender Herb and budding Flowr's.

THE

THE

T H E N O T.

Slander, we Shepherds count the greatest Wrong;
For, what wounds sorer than an evil Tongue?

C O L I N E T.

Untoward Lads, who Pleasure take in Spite,
Make mock of all the Ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, so shrill,
Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:
In vain thou seek'st the Cov'rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shades to sing the Heats of Love:
No Passion, but rank Envy, canst thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my Vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple Strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Menalcas* does of right belong;
Nor Night, nor Day, shall my rude Musick cease;
I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

T H E N O T.

Menalcas, Lord of all the Neighb'ring Plains,
Preserves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.
For him our Yearly Wakes and Feasts we hold,
And chuse the fattest Firstling from the Fold.
He, good to all that good deserve, shall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at ease to live;
Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,
And with due Praise reward the Rural Songs.

C O L I N E T.

First then shall lightsome Birds forget to fly,
The Briny Ocean turn to Pastures dry,

And

And ev'ry rapid River cease to flow,
E're I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

THE NOT.

This Night thy Cares with me forget ; and fold
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th'injurious Cold.
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, soft Cheese and Curd,
With some remaining Fruit of last Year's Hoard,
Shall be our Ev'ning Fare ; And for the Night,
Sweet Herbs and Moss, that gentle Sleep invite.
And now behold the Sun's departing Ray
O'er yonder Hill, the sign of Ebbing Day.
With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plow,
And unyok'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

The Third Pastoral.

ALBINO.

WHEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* Reed
To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,
With young *Augustus*' Name he grac'd his Song ;
And *Spencer*, when amidst the Rural Throng
He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the Flood
Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry sounding Wood
With good *Eliza*'s Name to ring around ;
Eliza's Name on ev'ry Tree was found.
Since then, thro' *Anna*'s Cares at ease we live,
And see our Cattle in full Pastures thrive ;
Like them will I my slender Musick raise,
And teach the Vocal Vallies *Anna*'s Praise.

Mean

Mean time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,
While my Kids brouze, obscure in Shades I play :
Yet not obscure, while *Dorset* thinks not scorn
To visit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both Musical, both Young,
In Friendship's Mutual Bonds united long,
Retir'd within a Mossy Cave, to shun
The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun,
A Melancholy Thought possess'd their Mind :
Revolving now the solemn Day they find,
When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear
Bedews their Cheek with many a trickling Tear ;
To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verse ;
These *Angelot*, those *Palin* did rehearse.

ANGELOT.

Thus Yearly circling by past Times return ;
And Yearly thus *Albino*'s Fate we mourn :
Albino's Fate was early, short his stay ;
How sweet the Rose ! How speedy the Decay !

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
And sympathizing Rocks in Eccho groan'd,
Prelaging future Woe, when, for Our Crimes,
We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times ?
The Pride of *Britain*, and the Darling Joy
Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.
No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were seen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the Grassy Green ;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.

In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,
The Roses on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd :
Bleating around him lye his pensive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crouds to weep ;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd ;
Ye, conscious Trees and Fountains, can attest
With what sad Accents and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies ;

D

And

And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
 When in her Widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath;
 She clasp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
 Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Blifs,
 And teach him Young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,
 And rule the Peaceful Empire of the Field.

As Milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do show,
 And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow:
 As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
 So thou to thine an Ornament was born.
 Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quit the Plains,
 Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains;
 In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat,
 And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat;
 A thin Increase our woolly Substance yield,
 And Thorns and Thistles overspread the Field.

How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
 And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
 Who now shall teach the pointed Spear to throw,
 To whirl the Sling, and bend the stubborn Bow?
 Nor dost thou live to bless thy Mother's Days,
 And share the Sacred Honours of her Praise:
 In Foreign Fields to purchase endless Fame,
 And add new Glories to the *British* Name.

O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit rest!
 And flow'ry Turflie Light upon thy Breast;
 Nor shrieking Owl, nor Bat fly round thy Tomb,
 Nor Midnight Fairies there to revel come.

PALIN.

No more, mistaken *Angelot*, complain;
Albino lives, and all our Tears are vain.
 And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
 To bless the Fields, and rule the simple Swains,
 While from above propitious he looks down.
 For this the Golden Skies no longer frown,
 The Planets shine indulgent on our Isle,
 And Rural Pleasures round about us smile.
 Hills, Dales and Woods with shrilling Pipes resound;
 The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,
 And

And hail *Albino* blest : The Vallies ring
Albino blest : O now ! if ever, bring
 The Laurel green, the smelling Eglantine,
 And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
 The dewy Cowslip, that in Meadows grows,
 The Fountain Violet and Garden Rose ;
 Your Hamlets strew, and ev'ry publick Way,
 And consecrate to Mirth *Albino's* Day.
 My self will lavish all my little Store,
 And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er ;
 Old *Moulin* there shall harp, young *Mico* sing,
 And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidst the Ring,
 And *Hobbinol* his Antick Gambols play.
 To thee these Honours Yearly will we pay,
 When we our shearing Feast and Harvest keep,
 To speed the Plow, and bless our thriving Sheep.
 While Mallow Kids and Endive Lambs pursue ;
 While Bees love Thyme, and Locusts sip the Dew,
 While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to strain,
 Thy Name and sweet Memorial shall remain.

The Fourth Pastoral.

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THIS Place may seem for Shepherds Leisure made,
 So lovingly these Elms unite their Shade.
 Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breath
 Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath !
 The Ground with Grass of chearful Green bespread,
 Thro' which the springing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
 Lo here the King-Cup, of a Golden Hue,
 Medly'd with Daiesies white, and Endive blue.
 Hark how the gawdy Gold-finch, and the Thrush,
 With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Bush !
 In pleasing Consorts all the Birds combine,
 And tempt us in the various Song to join.

D 2

Up,

64 **FOURTH PASTORAL.**

Up, *Argol*, then ; and to thy Lip apply
Thy mellow Pipe, or Vocal Musick try :
And, since our Ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
Lie round and listen, while their Lambkins play.

ARGOL.

The Place indeed gives Pleasance to the Eye ;
And Pleasance works the Singer's Fancy high :
The Fields breath sweet ; and now the gentle Breez
Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.
So sweet a Scene ill suits my ruggid Lay,
And better fits the Musick thou canst play.

MICO.

No Skill of Musick can I, simple Swain,
No fine Device thine Ear to entertain ;
Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me,
Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)
My fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a Note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah *Mico* ! half my Flock would I bestow,
Would *Colinet* to me his Cuning shew.
So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee Swain,
Now give us once a Sample of his Strain ;
For, Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds say,
How sweet his Pipe, how ravishing his Lay :
The Sweetness of his Pipe and Lay rehearse,
And ask what Gift thou pleasest for thy Verse.

MICO.

Since then thou list, a mournful Song I chuse ;
A mournful Song becomes a mournful Muse.
Fast by a River, on a Bank he sat,
To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,
Fair *Stella* hight ; A lovely Maid was she,
Whose Fate he wept ; a faithful Shepherd he.

Awake

Awake my Pipe ; in ev'ry Note exprefs
Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distrefs.

O woful Day ! O Day of Woe ! quoth he ;
And woful I, who live the Day to see !
That ever ſhe could die ! O moſt unkind,
To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind !
And yet, why blame I her ? full fain would ſhe,
With dying Arms, have clasp'd her ſelf to me :
I clasp'd her too ; but Death was all too ſtrong,
Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep ;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep ;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds, to ſigh ;
And let my Sorrows teach me how to die :
Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake my Pipe ; in ev'ry Note exprefs
Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distrefs.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
With Looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguiſh beat your Breasts, and moan
Her hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas ! the fading Glories of your Eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize :
For, tho' your Beauty rule the ſilly Swain,
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign ;
Yet Death will ev'n that ruling Beauty kill,
As ruthleſs Winds the tender Bloſſoms ſpill.
If either Muſick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,
Could make him mild, and ſtay his liſted Arm ;
My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe ſhould ſave,
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.
Ah fruitleſs Wiſh ; cold Death's up-liſted Arm
No Muſick can perſuade nor Beauty charm :
For ſee (O baleful Sight !) ſee where ſhe lies !
The budding Flow'r, unkindly blaſted, dies.

Awake my Pipe ; in ev'ry Note exprefs
Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distrefs.

Unhappy *Colinet* ! What boots thee now
To weave freſh Garlands for the Damsel's Brow ?

Throw

Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Rose ;
 One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compose,
 With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-shade drest ;
 A Garland, that may witness thy Unrest.
 My Pipe, whose soothing Sound could Passion move,
 And first taught *Stelia's* Virgin Heart to love,
 Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted Oak,
 Whence Owls their Dirges sing, and Ravens croak ;
 Nor Lark, nor Linnet, shall by Day delight,
 Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night ;
 The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be
 Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the gentle Shepherd sing,
 And heavy Woe within soft Numbers bring :
 And now the Sheep-Hook for my Song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one much fairer shalt thou have,
 Of scason'd Elm ; where Studs of Brass appear,
 To speak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year ;
 The Hook of polish'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
 And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

O, *Colinet*, how sweet thy Grief to hear !
 How does thy Verse subdue the list'ning Ear !
 Not half so sweet are Midnight Winds that move
 In drowsie murmurs o'er the waving Grove ;
 Nor dropping Waters, that in Grotts distil,
 And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill ;
 So sing the Swans, that in soft Numbers waste
 Their dying Breath, and warble to the last.
 And next to thee shall *Mico* bear the Bell,
 That can repeat thy peerless Verse so well.

But see the Hills increasing Shadows cast :
 The Sun, I wean, is leaving us in haste ;
 His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
 And blueish Mists arise from yonder Flood.

MICO.

Then send our Curs to gather up the Sheep :
 Good Shepherds with their Flocks betimes should sleep :
 For,

For, he that late lies down, as late will rise,
 And, Sluggard-like, till Noon-day snoring lyes,
 While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,
 And after dewy Pastures bleat in vain.

The Fifth Pastoral.

CUDDY.

IN Rural Strains we first our Musick try,
 And, bashful, into Woods and Thickets fly,
 Distrustful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time
 Our Voice improving gain a Pitch Sublime,
 Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvil*, shall engage
 My riper Verse, and my more settled Age.

The Sun, now mounted to the Noon of Day,
 Began to shoot direct his burning Ray,
 When, with the Flocks, their Feeders sought the Shade,
 A Venerable Oak, wide-spreading, made.
 What should they do to pass the loit'ring Time?
 As fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme;
 And some the Joys, and some the Pains of Love,
 And some to set out strange Adventures strove;
 The Trade of Wizzards some, and *Merlin's* Skill,
 And whence to charm such Empire o'er the Will.
 Then *Cuddy* last (who *Cuddy* can excel,
 In neat Device?) his Tale began to tell.

When Shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* Reign,
 There liv'd in great Esteem a jolly Swain,
 Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and sing,
 And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.

He, as his Custom was, at leisure laid
 In silent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
 Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
 What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
 The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures wild
 By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
 He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
 And loads th' neighb'ring branches with his Song.

Among

Among the rest, a Nightingale of Fame,
 Jealous, and fond of Praise, to listen came.
 She turn'd her Ear ; and Emulous, with Pride,
 Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
 The Shepherd heard with Wonder ; and again,
 To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
 To all his various Strain she shapes her Throat,
 And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
 If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
 Or brisker Motion to his Measure gives ;
 If gentle Sounds he modulates, or strong,
 She, not a little vain, repeats his Song ;
 But so repeats, that *Colin* half despis'd
 His Pipe and Skill, so much by others priz'd,
 And, sweetest Songster of the Winged kind,
 What Thanks, said he, what Praises can I find
 To equal thy melodious Voice ? In thee
 The Rudeness of my Rural Fife I see ;
 From thee I learn to vaunt no more my skill.

Aloft in Air she sate, provoking still
 The vanquish'd Swain : Provok'd at last, he strove
 To shew the little Minstrel of the Grove,
 His utmost Art ; if so some small Esteem
 He might obtain, and Credit lost, redeem.
 He draws in Breath, his rising Breast to fill ;
 Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to shrill.
 From Note to Note in haste his Fingers fly ;
 Still more and more his Numbers multiply ;
 And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
 And swift and slow they change, with sweet Surprise.

Attentive she does scarce the Sounds retain,
 But to her self first cons the puzzling Strain ;
 And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays
 The Shepherd in his own harmonious Lays :
 Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,
 And adds in sweetness, what she wants in strength.

Then *Colin* threw his Fife disgrac'd aside ;
 While she loud Triumph sings, proclaiming wide
 Her mighty Conquest. What could *Colin* more ?
 A little Harp of Maple Ware he bore :

The Harp it self was Old, but Newly strung,
 Which usual he a-cross his Shoulders hung.
 Now take, delightful Bird, my last farewell,
 He said; and learn from hence, thou dost excel
 No trivial Artist. And at that he wound
 The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.
 Then earnest to his Instrument he bends,
 And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.
 The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
 The low'r answ'ring still to those above.
 His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,
 And in pursuit of Harmony they go;
 Now lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they pass,
 Like Winds, that gently brush the plying Grass,
 And melting Airs arise at their Command;
 And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
 He sinks into the Cords with solemn Pace,
 And gives the swelling Tones a Manly Grace;
 Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
 While Musick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.

The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
 And pos'd, She does her troubled Spirits vex.
 She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.
 Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing Sung.
 She, with the Fatal Love of Glory stung,
 Hears all in Pain: her Heart begins to swell;
 In piteous Notes she sighs, in Notes that tell
 Her bitter Anguish. He, still singing, plies
 His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher rise.
 How shall she bear a Conqu'ror, who before
 No equal, thro' the Grove, in Musick bore?
 She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
 And fetches from her breast melodious Groans.
 Oppress'd with Grief at last, too great to quell,
 Down breathless on the guilty Harp she fell.

Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,
 And unavailing Tears profusely shed,
 And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;
 And, best to make Attonement for the ill,

(If

(If for such ill Atonement might be made)
 He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade :
 Then adds a Verse, and sets with Flow'rs the Ground,
 And makes a Fence of winding Ofiers round :
 A Verse and Tomb is all I now can give,
 And here thy Name at least, he said, shall live.
 Thus ended *Cuddy* with the setting Sun,
 And by his Tale unenvy'd Praises won.

The Sixth Pastoral.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the Sea ! behold ; how calm the Sky !
 And how, in sportive Chase, the Swallows fly !
 My Goats, secure from harm, no Tendance need,
 While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed :
 And here below, the Banky Shore along,
 Your Heifers graze ; and I to hear your Song
 Dispos'd. As eldest, *Hobbinol*, begin ;
 And *LANQUET*'s Under Song by turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly stake upon their Skill,
 Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will ;
 For Praise we sing, nor Wager ought beside :
 And, whole the Praise, let *Geron*'s Lips decide.

LANQUET.

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend :
 Unbias'd he, to both his equal Friend.

GERON.

GERON.

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
 Nor tear, from *Geron's* upright Sentence, wrong.
 A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
 I to the Victor give: No small Reward,
 If with our usual Country Pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
 Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
 Soft balmy Breezes breath along the Sky:
 The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The Cukoo tells aloud her painful Love;
 The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
 The Pastures change; the warbling Linnets sing:
 Prepare to welcome in the gaudy Spring.

HOBBINOL.

When Locusts in the Ferny Bushes cry,
 When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lye;
 Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;
 Else shall ye press the spongy Teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you see
 The Ground bestrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
 And stormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,
 Nor trust too far to the declining Year.

HOB

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O blest *Eliza*! would I praise
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion's* Golden Days.
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend;
Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy Shepherds now: for *Dorset* loves
The Country Mute, and our delightful Groves;
While *Anna* reigns. O ever may She reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love in secret all a beauteous Maid,
And have my Love in secret all repaid.
This coming Night she does reserve for me.
Divine her Name; and thou the Victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmless as the Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in secret love, I shall not say,
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a Cowslip Bank, my Love and I,
Together lay: a Brook ran murmur'ing by.
A Thousand tender Things to me she said;
And I a Thousand tender Things repaid.

LANQUET.

In Summer Shade, beneath the Cocking Hay,
What soft, endearing Words did she not say?

Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, she kindly spread,
And stroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

HOBBINOL.

Breath soft, ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow ;
Shield her, ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow ;
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by ;
My love in yonder Vale asleep does lye.

LANQUET.

Once *Delia* slept, on easy Mols reclin'd,
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind :
I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss.
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I pass'd by ;
She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong Eye :
Then swift beneath the Crystal Wave she try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
The Wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly ;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young *Lyset* lead the Dance on yonder Green ;
Intent upon her Beauties as she mov'd,
Poor, heedless Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LAN-

LANQUET.

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her swelling Breast,
 And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest;
 Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
 Nor Sheep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! For, without thee,
 What Pleasure can the Country have for me?
 Come *Rosalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
 My snowy Sheep, My Farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! Here shady Bow'rs,
 Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
 Come *Rosalind*; here ever let us stay,
 And sweetly waste our live long Time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the Seasons of the Moon I know,
 The Force of Healing Herbs, and where they grow:
 There is no Herb, no Season, may remove
 From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
 And Ghosts and Goblins order as I will;
 Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
 The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

HOBBINOL.

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes :
 To purchase Credit with succeeding Times !
 Sweet *Colin Clout* ! who never yet had Peer,
 Who sung thro' all the Seasons of the Year.

LANQUET.

Let me like *Wrenock* sing ; his Voice had Pow'r,
 To free the clipping Moon at Midnight Hour :
 And, as he sung, the Fairies, with their Queen,
 In Mantles Blue came tripping o'er the Green.

GERON.

Here end your pleasing Strife. Both Victors are ;
 And Both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.
 A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
 To Both I give. A mizling Mist descends
 Adown that steepy Rock : And this way tends
 Yon distant Rain. Shore-ward the Vessels strive ;
 And, see, the Boys their Flocks to shelter drive.

F I N I S.

NOTES



